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Songs from the Psalter

GREENE



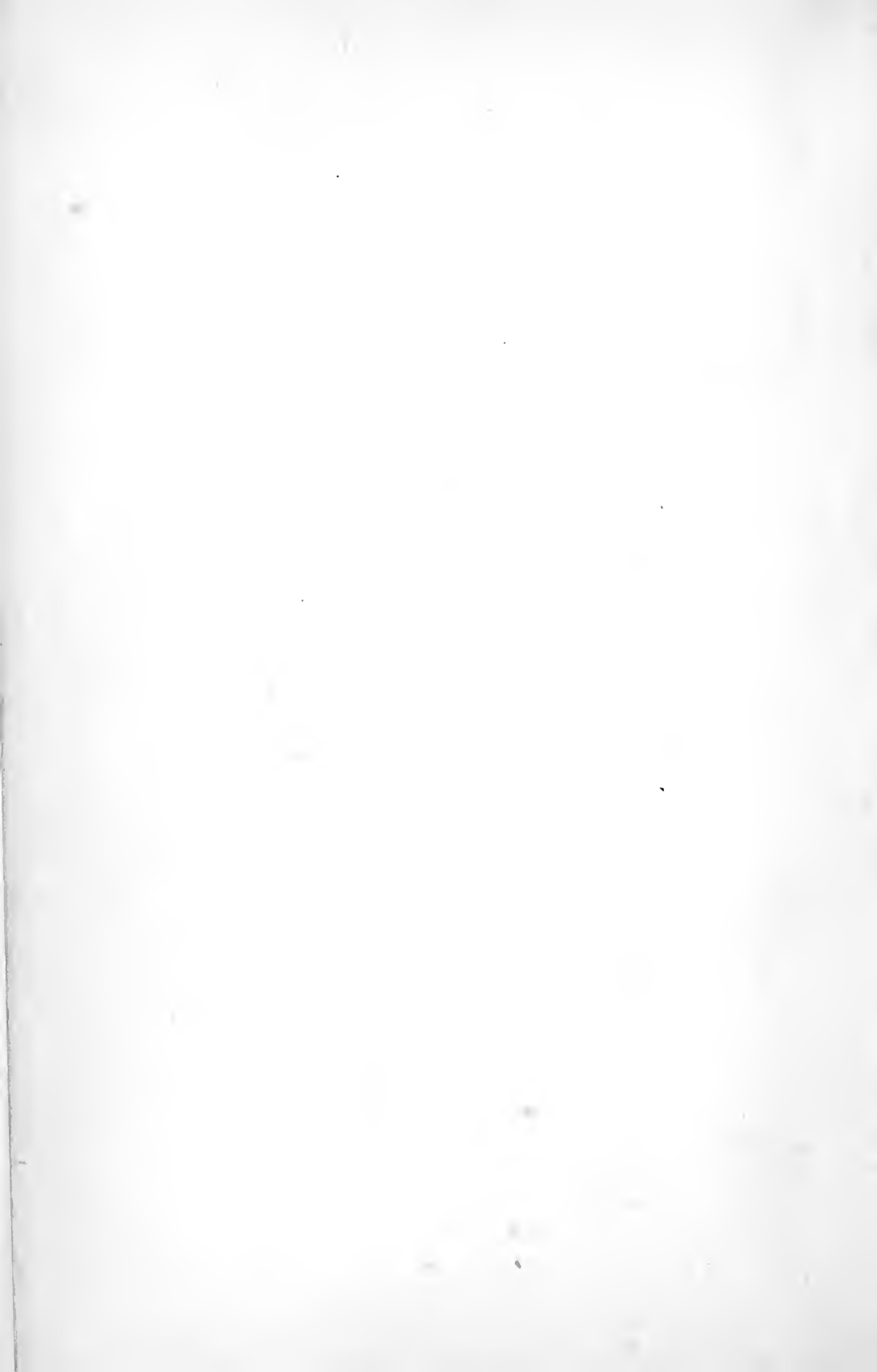
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# Songs from the Psalter

BY

RICHARD ARNOLD GREENE



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS  
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To  
MY FATHER AND MOTHER  
THIS BOOK  
IS DEDICATED WITH HEARTY LOVE  
BY  
THEIR GRATEFUL SON



## CONTENTS

	PSALM	PAGE
A PARABLE . . . . .	49	37
A SONG OF THANKSGIVING . . . . .	100	73
A SONG OF THE REDEEMED . . . . .	107	78
CALL TO PRAISE . . . . .	67	45
CREATION'S PRAISE . . . . .	148	107
ELEGY OF THE CAPTIVITY . . . . .	137	102
FINALE . . . . .		III
GOD, OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH . . . . .	46	35
HALLELUJAH SONG . . . . .	114	85
JEHOVAH'S EXALTATION . . . . .	97	65
JEHOVAH'S LOVING-KINDNESS . . . . .	116	87
JEHOVAH'S SALVATION . . . . .	98	68
JEHOVAH'S WORTHINESS OF PRAISE . . . . .	95	62
LIFE AS A FLEETING DAY . . . . .	90	55
LIFE'S BRIEF MEASURE . . . . .	39	28
MEDITATION ON SIMPLICITY . . . . .	131	101
PENITENCE . . . . .	51	40
PRAYER FOR THE SHINING OF GOD'S FACE . . . . .	80	50
PRELUDE . . . . .		I
SONG OF HOME . . . . .	127	97
SONG OF THE EXILE . . . . .	120	89
SOWING AND REAPING . . . . .	126	96
THE ASCENDANCY OF MAN . . . . .	8	7
THE AVENGING LORD . . . . .	144	104
THE BLESSED HOME . . . . .	128	98
THE BLESSED LIFE . . . . .	1	3
THE CONQUERING KING . . . . .	2	5
THE EXILE'S MEDITATION . . . . .	124	94

	PSALM	PAGE
THE EXILE'S PRAYER . . . . .	123	93
THE GLORIOUS GATES . . . . .	24	13
THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD . . . . .	103	75
THE GOOD SHEPHERD . . . . .	23	12
THE HILLS OF GOD . . . . .	121	90
THE IDEAL KING . . . . .	110	83
THE JOYS OF GOD'S HOUSE . . . . .	84	53
THE KING'S DAUGHTER . . . . .	45	32
THE KING'S PROTECTOR . . . . .	61	43
THE LORD'S MAJESTY . . . . .	93	61
THE LORD, OUR LIGHT AND OUR SALVATION.	27	15
THE LORD'S PAVILION . . . . .	91	58
THE MAN OF HONOR . . . . .	15	9
THE PENITENT EXILE . . . . .	130	99
THE PILGRIM SALUTING JERUSALEM . . . . .	122	91
THE PORTION OF THE RIGHTEOUS . . . . .	37	23
THE PRAISES OF THE KING . . . . .	72	47
THE PRAISES OF THE SAINTS . . . . .	149	109
THE PROMISE OF THE RESURRECTION . . . . .	16	10
THE REIGNING LORD . . . . .	99	71
THE STRENGTH OF ZION . . . . .	125	95
THE STRONG DELIVERER . . . . .	34	20
THE SURE HIDING-PLACE . . . . .	32	18
THE TRUE HEART'S DESIRE . . . . .	42	30

## Prelude

Praise ye the Lord.

Praise God in His sanctuary ;

Praise Him in the firmament of His power.

Praise Him for His mighty acts :

Praise Him according to His excellent greatness.

Praise Him with the sound of the trumpet :

Praise Him with the psaltery and harp.

Praise Him with the timbrel and dance :

Praise Him with stringed instruments and the pipe.

Praise Him upon the loud cymbals :

Praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals.

Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

Praise ye the Lord.



# SONGS FROM THE PSALTER

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## THE BLESSED LIFE

O H! the rich blessedness, the bounteous blessing  
The happy man commands  
Whose feet th' ungodly's paths are never pressing,—  
E'en he who never stands

Within the ways where sinners are found treading,  
Beguiling foolish feet,—  
Who spurning, dreadeth with a righteous dreading  
To take the scorner's seat:

But in Jehovah's law is his sweet pleasure;  
And in His law doth he  
By daytime meditate, and through the measure  
Of night's serenity.

And he shall be like to a tree whose planting  
Is by the water-streams,  
That, when its season comes, its fruit is granting,  
Whose leaf, unwithered, gleams.

Whate'er he doth at true success arriveth;  
The wicked are not so;  
But like unto the chaff the wind far driveth  
Where'er it lists to go.

So, in the Judgment they shall have no station  
Who wickedly do here;  
Nor ever in the righteous congregation  
Shall sinning ones appear.

For all the way of righteous souls He knoweth,—  
The Lord who reigns on high:  
But for the way of wicked ones,—it goeth  
The deadly death to die.



## THE CONQUERING KING

WHY thus in tumult are the nations crying?  
Why are the people's thoughts so vain?  
The kings of earth their stubborn deeds are plying;  
The rulers counsels entertain

Against the Lord and His Anointed, saying:  
" Their bands asunder let us break;  
The cords with which to snare us they 're arraying  
To farthest distance let us shake."

How He shall laugh who in the heav'ns is sitting!  
The Lord shall look on them in scorn.  
He 'll speak to them in anger unremitting,  
In sore displeasure make them mourn:

Yet have I to my holy hill uplifted  
Him whom I chose should reign,—my king,—  
Him who with mighty favor hath been gifted—  
Him to Mount Zion did I bring.

I 'll tell of the decree:—To me proclaiming,  
The Lord did say: " Thou art my Son;  
This day I 've Thee begotten, Thee am naming:  
Ask what Thou wilt; it shall be done—

“ Ask, and I ’ll make Thee heir of all the nations;  
Earth’s farthest parts shalt Thou possess:  
With iron rod Thou ’lt scatter their foundations,  
And dash them in chaotic mess,

“ Like vessels of the potter, crushed and broken.”—  
Now, therefore, be ye wise, O kings:  
Ye judges of the earth, be guided by this token  
Which highest wisdom to you brings.

Oh, serve the Lord with fear, with fear rejoicing—  
Kiss ye the Son lest wroth He be,  
And from the way ye fall, nor hear Him voicing  
The pardon which He offers free.

For soon will flame His wrath in direful burning—  
How wonderfully they are blest  
Who to the Lord in trustfulness returning  
Shall find in trusting Him their rest!

## THE ASCENDENCY OF MAN

HOW excellent, Lord, O Lord, our Lord,  
In all the earth 's Thy name!  
Thy glory Thou hast shed abroad  
Above the heavens' frame—  
From babes' and sucklings' mouths hast Thou  
Firmly established strength,  
Because of those that fight Thee now,  
That Thou might'st still at length  
Him who is hostile found and him  
Who worketh plots of vengeance grim.

When I behold Thy heavens high,—  
The work Thy fingers planned,—  
The moon and all the starry sky  
Appointed by Thy hand—  
Oh, what is man that Thou should'st hold  
Him always in Thy mind?  
And to the son of man of old  
Why comest Thou so kind?  
Just less than angels him hast made,  
With fame and honor's crown arrayed.

Him madest Thou like unto kings  
Thy handiwork to keep;

Under his feet hast put all things,—  
All oxen and all sheep—  
Yea, and the beasts which tread the grass—  
Bird, fish, where'er they be—  
Whatever kinds of creature pass  
Through the deep paths of sea;  
How excellent Thy name is found,  
O, Lord, our Lord, the earth around!

## THE MAN OF HONOR

**J**EHOVAH, who shall be residing  
Within Thy Tabernacle blest ?  
Uplifted, in sweet peace abiding,  
Who in Thy Holy Hill shall rest ?  
He who in upright walks takes part,  
Who righteousness is ever seeking,—  
He who within his very heart  
The words of truthfulness is speaking;  
Whose tongue shall never move in slander,  
Who doth no evil to his friend,  
Nor for a neighbor's hurt doth pander,—  
By whom he that to vice doth tend  
Is held in no esteem at all;—  
But on all them who God are fearing  
His marks of signal honor fall,  
Before the face of man appearing.  
He that to his own hurt is swearing,  
He who is found unchanging still;  
He who, in nowise, shall be caring  
With usury his purse to fill;  
And he who takes no recompense  
Against the innocent around him:—  
For him who doeth thus,—a fence  
Of true security shall bound him.

## THE PROMISE OF THE RESURRECTION

KEEP me, O God; I trust in Thee—  
Unto Jehovah I have cried:  
“ My Lord, Thou dost belong to me;  
With Thee alone my good doth bide.”  
As for the saintly company  
That on this earth of ours reside,—  
With excellence their souls are bright,  
In whom, behold all my delight.

Their sorrows shall increase apace  
That for another god exchange  
Jehovah: I will find no place  
For off'ring their oblation strange  
Of drink and blood; for such disgrace  
Mine altar I will ne'er arrange;  
Nor will I with my lips proclaim  
Their faithless and rebellious name.

The Lord of mine inheritance  
And of my cup is the blest share;  
My lot Thou givest maintenance;  
My pleasant lines Thou dost prepare;  
To goodly gifts I shall advance,—  
An heritage supremely fair—  
I'll bless the Lord who gives me light;  
My reins instruct me in the night.

I 've ever placed before mine eyes  
 The Lord: since He 's at my right hand  
 I shall be moved not any wise—  
 So gladly doth my heart expand.  
 My glory in great joy doth rise;  
 My flesh shall dwell in a safe land:  
 For Thou wilt not desert my soul  
 To languish in the dark Sheol.

Nor wilt Thou let thy Holy One  
 The pitfall of corruption see;  
 Life's path that shineth as the sun  
 Thou graciously wilt show to me.  
 With Thee, our joy but scarce begun  
 Shall bloom in full felicity—  
 At Thy right hand, in bounteous store  
 Are pleasures found for evermore.

## THE GOOD SHEPHERD

**M**Y Shepherd is the Lord of all;  
No want unto my lot shall fall  
While I have Him beside me.  
He makes me rest in pastures green,  
And where still waters flow between  
He graciously doth guide me.

My soul to health He doth restore;  
In paths of right He goes before,  
And leadeth, ever near me—  
Yea, though I walk within Death's vale  
No evil thing shall make me quail;  
Thy rod and staff,—they cheer me.

Before my foes Thou dost appoint  
My table; and my head anoint;  
My cup is still outgiving.  
Goodness and mercy 'tend my days,  
God's House the goal of all my ways,  
Where I 'll be ever living.



## THE GLORIOUS GATES

THE earth unto the Lord belongs,—  
The fulness of its life and air;  
The world, and all that in it throngs,  
All they who have their dwelling there;  
He makes it for the seas a crown;  
Upon the floods hath set it down.

Who shall ascend Jehovah's Hill?  
Who stand within His Holy Place?  
He whose clean hands have wrought no ill,  
Whose heart is pure before God's face.  
His soul to pride is ne'er upborne;  
Deceitfully he hath not sworn.

To him a blessing shall come down  
Straight from the Lord; with righteousness  
The God of saving power will crown  
Him, and through all his days will bless.  
This is an earnest seeking race;  
They seek, O Jacob's God, Thy face.

Ye Gates, your heads uplift o'er sin!  
Ye everlasting Doors, arise!  
The King of Glory shall come in—  
Who is this King in glory-guise?

He is the Lord of strength and might,  
Whom none can vanquish in the fight.

Ye Gates, your heads uplift o'er sin!  
Ye everlasting Doors, arise!  
The King of Glory shall come in—  
Who is this King in glory-guise?  
The Lord whom hosts adoring view,—  
He is the King of Glory true.

THE LORD, OUR LIGHT AND OUR  
SALVATION

**J**EHOVAH is my shining Light,  
And my salvation He—  
By whom shall I be filled with fright ?  
The Lord my life doth free,  
The Lord its strength for doing right—  
Who fearful maketh me ?

When wicked ones, swift drawing near,  
Mine enemies, my foes,  
To eat my flesh, did all appear  
They stumbled, nor arose;  
Though on before, and in my rear,  
A camping host oppose,

No fear shall dwell within my heart;  
Though war against me rise,  
Then confidence shall be my part;—  
One boon, in any wise,  
From all Jehovah's bounteous mart  
I set before mine eyes;—

For this I 'll diligently press:  
That I indeed may dwell  
Within God's House of righteousness,

While I life's days shall tell,—  
 To see the Lord's own beauty, yes,  
 His Temple's vows to swell.

For in the day of trouble He  
 Me in his Tent will hide;  
 In His own Dwelling's secrecy  
 He 'll cause me to abide—  
 Unto a Rock that cannot flee  
 My wayward feet He 'll guide.

And now my head shall He lift high  
 Above my foes around;  
 And at His Shrine, with joyful cry,  
 I 'll be with off'rings found—  
 I 'll sing, yea, songs of praise will I  
 Make to the Lord resound.

Lord, when my voice is crying, hark;  
 Have mercy upon me;  
 My prayers for speedy answer mark—  
 When Thou did'st say: "Seek ye  
 My face," my heart said from the dark:  
 "Thy face, Lord, would I see."

Hide not afar from me Thy face,  
 Nor, angered, put away  
 Thy servant; Thou in mighty grace  
 Hast been my help and stay;  
 Leave nor forsake me in this place,  
 My saving God, I pray.

When father and when mother, too,  
Forsake me, then the Lord  
Will take me up: show to my view  
Thy way—to me afford  
A pathway plain my journey through;  
My foes are all abroad.

Unto their will give me not o'er;  
False witnesses arise  
Against me; cruel words they store;  
They breathe out cruel lies;  
I should have fainted long before  
Did I not e'en surmise

That I God's goodness should behold  
Within the immortal Land—  
Wait on the Lord; be strong and bold;  
Thine heart with His own hand  
He 'll strengthen with His strength of old:  
Wait on the Lord's command.

## THE SURE HIDING-PLACE

HOW blest is he who winneth for  
Transgression, pardon free,—  
Whose sin, indeed, is covered o'er!  
How truly blest is he  
To whom the Lord doth nevermore  
Impute iniquity,—

Within whose spirit is no guile!—  
When I held silence deep  
My bones, they waxéd old the while;  
For roaring did I keep  
All day;—grief on me Thou did'st pile,  
Or waking, or asleep,

To summer drought my moisture passed;  
To Thee my guilt told I;  
Concerning sin that held me fast  
To Thee I did not lie.  
“ I will confess,” said I, at last,  
“ My sin to God Most High.”

And Thou, my Lord, did'st pardon then  
My sin's iniquity—  
For this Thy gracious goodness, when

Discernéd Thou may'st be,  
Let him who godliness doth ken  
Uplift his prayers to Thee.

Sure, when the water-floods o'erflow,  
O'er him they shall not throng—  
My hiding-place from grief, I know  
Thou 'lt keep me all life long ;  
Around me Thou wilt oft bestow  
The glad deliverance song.

I will instruct thee, make thee find  
The only righteous way ;  
And where Mine eye thy heart can bind  
I 'll counsel thee each day—  
Be not like them who lack thy mind,  
Horse, mule, who naught can say,

Who must with bit and bridle strong  
Be held where'er they go,  
Else, they will turn from thee all wrong ;  
The wicked souls shall know  
Much grief—to them shall sorrows throng:—  
He trusting God 's not so,—

Mercy shall compass him around ;  
Be gladness your life-chart,—  
God's gladness ; in joys that abound,  
Ye righteous souls, take part ;  
And shout for joy, all ye who 're found  
To be of upright heart.

## THE STRONG DELIVERER

THE Lord at all times I will bless;  
His praise my mouth shall never leave;  
The Lord shall be the boast, no less,  
That my rejoicing soul shall weave.

The meek shall hear it and have joy—  
Oh, magnify the Lord with me;  
Together let us songs employ;  
His name by us exalted be.

I sought the Lord; His answer came,  
And set me free from all my fears;  
They looked to Him, and lighter frame  
Succeeded to their grief and tears.

Their trustful faces nevermore  
Shall dire confusion meet again;  
This poor man cried in anguish sore,—  
God heard, and banished all his pain.

The Angel of the Lord His tent  
Binds round the souls who fear His name;  
And when with terror they are rent  
From Him deliverance they can claim.



Oh, taste and see the goodness true  
That in our gracious Lord resides—  
Blest is the man who Him can view  
With trustfulness that e'er abides.

Oh, fear the Lord, all ye His saints;  
They shall not want who Him do fear;  
The lion's young, with direful plaints,  
Will make their lack of food appear,

But they who seek the Lord indeed  
Shall never want for one good thing—  
Come, children, unto me pay heed;  
To fear the Lord you will I bring.

Who 's he that doth long life desire?  
Loves many days, good things to see?—  
Thy tongue from evil keep entire,  
And let thy lips from guile be free;

Depart from evil, and do right;  
Seek peace, and ever it pursue;  
The Lord the righteous keeps in sight,  
His ears their cry are open to.

Jehovah setteth fast his face  
Against the evil-doers all,  
That on the earth may be no place  
Where any one shall them recall.

The righteous cried; Jehovah heard,  
And from their troubles set them free;  
The Lord the broken heart doth gird;  
He saveth such as contrite be.

The righteous hath pains manifold;  
Him from them all delivereth  
The Lord. He all his bones doth hold;  
Not one of them is broken. Death

Shall evil make the wicked's goal;  
And they that hate the good shall be  
Condemned. The Lord redeems the soul  
Of those who serve Him faithfully.

And none of them who place their trust  
In Him, Jehovah, Lord of all,—  
The Lord of Love, the True, the Just,—  
Shall into condemnation fall.

## THE PORTION OF THE RIGHTEOUS

**F**RET not thyself because of those  
Who evil do, and good oppose;  
Nor ever envious be thou  
'Gainst them that work unrighteousness.  
They soon shall feel the sickle's stress  
Like to the grass that waveth now;  
Like the green herb shall they be dried—  
Do thou in thine own Lord confide;  
With goodness all thy days endow.

Dwell in the land; and follow near  
On faithfulness: have blessed cheer  
In Him, Jehovah, Lord Most High;  
Thy heart's desires He 'll thee afford.  
Commit thy way unto the Lord;  
Forevermore on Him rely,  
And He shall bring it to thy sight—  
He 'll make thy righteousness like light,  
Thy judgment like the noonday sky.

Be still before the Lord; for Him  
Wait patiently, though sight be dim;  
Do thou not fret thyself at all  
For him who prospereth in his way;  
For him who bringeth to the day  
Devices that for sin appal.

From anger cease, and wrath forsake;  
 Fret not thyself, it sin doth make—  
 Those doing ill to death shall fall.

But those that wait upon the Lord  
 The land shall win, so fair and broad:  
 For yet, indeed, a little while  
 And wicked souls shall be no more:  
 Yea, shalt thou in thy thought explore,  
 With diligence, the place of guile,  
 And it, once mighty, shall not be;  
 But meek ones shall their portion see  
 Unrolled to earth's most distant isle.

They shall delight themselves in peace  
 Whose fair abundance shall not cease;  
 The wicked plotteth 'gainst the just  
 And gnasheth with his teeth on him—  
 For him the Lord hath laughter grim,  
 He marks his swift return to dust;  
 The wicked have the sword outdrawn,  
 And they have bent their bow in scorn  
 The poor and needy low to thrust;

To slay them of the upright part—  
 Their sword shall enter their own heart;  
 Through breakage shall their bows have harm,—  
 The mite the righteous hath is more  
 Than wicked souls' abundant store,—  
 Broken shall be each wicked arm.  
 On true hearts help the Lord bestows;  
 The days of perfect ones He knows;  
 Their lot shall be an endless charm.

In evil times no shame they 'll know;  
 In famine satisfied they 'll go;  
 But wicked ones shall perish all,  
 And those who 'gainst Jehovah fight  
 Shall be as pastures richly dight;  
 They shall consume; in smoke they 'll fall—  
 The wicked borrows, not to pay;  
 But righteous souls in gracious way  
 Bestow their gifts, both great and small.

For such as blest of Him do stand  
 Shall come to heirship of the land;  
 But they who have His curse shall pay  
 In death; of God established are  
 Man's goings, be they near or far,  
 And He delighteth in his way—  
 Fallen, not quite cast down he 'll be;  
 For him the Lord upholdeth free,  
 And makes His hand his stay.

I have been young, and now am old,  
 Yet he who doth the right uphold  
 Forsaken have I never found,  
 Nor begging for their bread his seed:  
 All day he takes most gracious heed  
 And lends; his seed 's with blessing crowned.  
 Depart from every evil way,  
 And practise good from day to day,  
 And dwell for aye on thine own ground.

For judgment doth Jehovah love,  
 Nor doth He from His throne above

Forsake them who are sanctified.  
 Preserved forevermore are they,  
 But for the wicked's seed,—away,  
     Cut off, it will no more abide;  
 The righteous shall the land receive,—  
 Their heritage, no more to leave,—  
     Their dwelling, with Thy grace supplied.

The mouth of him who righteous is  
 Of wisdom talks, 't is surely his;  
     Concerning judgment speaks his tongue—  
 His God's own law is in his heart;  
 No steps of his shall sliding start.  
     In watching have the wicked hung  
 Beside the righteous everywhere;  
 And seek they with most earnest care  
     That with the death-pang he be stung.

The Lord within the wicked's hand  
 Will not permit just souls to stand;  
     For them, when judged, condemn will He:  
 Wait on the Lord, and keep his way  
 And thee shall He exalt one day  
     The land's inheritor to be.  
 When all cut off the wicked are  
 Naught from thine eyes the sight shall bar  
     Of their most dread extremity.

The wicked in great power I 've seen,  
 Wide-spreading, like a tree that 's green,  
     Implanted in its native soil;

Yet passed he by; lo! was no more;  
Yea, sought I him behind, before,  
    But found him not for all my toil.  
Mark him that perfect is; behold  
The upright one; for when he 's old  
    For pain, shall peace be his bright foil.

As for transgressors, they shall all  
Together to destruction fall;  
    Cut off shall be their latter end.  
Saved are the righteous by the Lord;  
He, strong, in trouble them will ward;  
    The Lord with help doth them attend,  
He rescueth their souls from death;  
E'en from the evil doer's breath,  
    Since Him they 've asked, them to defend.

## LIFE'S BRIEF MEASURE

I SAID: "Unto my ways I will take heed,  
That with my tongue I may commit no sin;  
My mouth I 'll keep a bridle fast within,  
While wicked ones before me do proceed."

With silence dumb, I even held my peace  
From good; and then, indeed, was stirred my  
woe;  
My heart with burning inward heat did glow,  
The flame arose, nor did my musing cease.

Then said my tongue: "Lord, make me know mine  
end,  
And what the measure of my days may be;  
Make me acquainted with my frailty;  
As handbreadths, see, Thou dost my days ex-  
tend,

"And mine age is as nothing in Thy sight—  
Surely, at best estate, man 's but a breath;  
In shadow, surely, each man travelleth;  
Surely, in vain they 're thrown in restless plight.



“ He heaps on high, and knows not who shall gain  
His wealth: and now, Lord, what do I wait for?  
My hope 's in Thee; save me from my sins sore;  
Let me not be reproach of fools so vain.

“ Dumb was I, nor did I my mouth unclose,  
Because Thou did'st it: be my heart not rent;  
Consumed am I; my strength Thy blow hath  
spent,  
The blow whose sharpness only Thine hand knows.

“ When, with rebukes, for sin Thou chidest man,  
His beauty Thou dost make to pass away  
Like to a moth; but vanity, I say,  
Is every being in this mortal span.

“ O Thou, Jehovah, listen to my prayer,  
And lend Thine ear unto mine earnest cry;  
Hold not Thy peace, when I with tears shall sigh;  
For I with Thee do as a stranger fare,—

“ Sojourner, as my fathers were before.  
Oh, spare Thou me, that I, indeed, at length  
In Thy great mercy may recover strength,  
Before I go far hence and be no more.”

## THE TRUE HEART'S DESIRE

AS for the water-brooks the hart is panting,  
So pants, indeed, my soul, O God, for Thee;  
My soul, with thirst, from depths of its implanting  
Still longeth God, the living God to see.

When shall I come, before my God appearing?—  
My tears have been my meat by day and night,  
While in continuance their cry I 'm hearing,—  
“Where is thy God?” they say, through dark  
and light.

These things I mind, my soul in me outpouring,—  
How I when marching onward with the throng,  
Unto God's House led multitudes adoring  
On holy day, with voice of joy and song.

Oh! soul of mine, why art thou downward bending,  
And why dost keep within me toilsome quest?  
Hope thou in God; His praises I 'll be blending  
For health that on His countenance doth rest.

My soul, O God, within me takes low station:—  
Thus I remember Thee from Jordan's land,  
The Hermons, and from Mizar's elevation—  
Deep calleth deep—Thy waterspouts command.

Thy waves have compassed me and many a billow;  
Yet God, by day, His kind love will ordain;  
And all night long His song shall be my pillow—  
A prayer to God who o'er my life doth reign.

To God who is my Rock will I be saying:  
“ Why hast Thou me forgot; why do I mourn,  
Because of my foes' malice on me weighing ? ”  
As though a sword my bones had crushed and  
torn.

My foes reproach me, while they 're ever crying:  
“ Where is thy God ? ”—Why art cast down, my  
soul ?  
And why art thou within me restless sighing ?  
Do thou upon the Lord thy burden roll.

In Him do thou have hope that shall not perish;  
For I shall yet to Him my praises sing.  
My countenance's health is He; He 'll cherish  
His heavy-hearted child, my God, my King!

## THE KING'S DAUGHTER

WITH a goodly matter my heart doth overflow;

I speak; upon the King do I my work bestow,  
My tongue 's the pen of one who readily doth write.

Thou fairer art than all the children of man's race;  
Upon thy parted lips is poured the dew of grace,—  
So thou art blest of God, forever, in His sight.

Gird, gird thy sword upon Thy thigh, O Mighty One,—

Thy glory and Thy majesty, Thy race to run;  
And in Thy majesty all prosperously ride,  
Because of truth and peace and righteousness,  
And Thy right hand upon Thee terrors shall impress,  
Thine arrows sharp the people fell on every side.

Within the heart of the King's enemies are they—  
Thy throne O God 's forever through th' eternal day;

Sceptre of equity 's the sceptre of Thy reign—  
Thou hast loved righteousness and hated wicked ways.

So God, thy God, hath thee anointed for all days,  
With gladness' oil above the comrades in thy  
train.

Myrrh, aloes, cassia, scent the robes wherewith  
thou 'rt clad;

From ivory courts stringed instruments have made  
thee glad;

Among thy women honored high kings' daughters  
are,

Upon thy right doth stand in Ophir's gold the  
Queen.

Hearken, oh! Daughter, mark; incline thine ear  
serene!—

Forget thy people loved, thy father's house afar.

So shall the King thy beauty ardently desire,  
For He is thine own Lord; then worship Him, nor  
tire—

The Tyrian daughter there for thee a gift shall  
hold.

The rich among the race thy favor shall entreat;  
The Daughter of the King with glory is replete,  
Within the inner court—her robes are wrought  
in gold.

In broidered work shall she be led unto the King;  
The virgins fair, her near companions following,

Shall be, each one, into Thy gracious presence  
brought—

With gladness and rejoicing shall they all be led;

They 'll enter where He dwells who is their King  
and Head—

His palace gleaming with a glory passing thought.

Where once thy fathers were, now shall thy children  
stand,

Whom thou in all the regions of the earth's broad  
land

Shalt call to prince's station—this their lot in  
store.

Through all the generations I 'll make thy name to  
live

In lasting memory; so shall the people give  
Thanks unto thee for ever and for evermore.

## GOD, OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH

**G**OD is our Refuge and our Strength un-  
fail- ing,—

A very present help in pain;  
Therefore will we not fear, earth's changes hailing,  
And though the deep sea's heart should strain,

Invaded by the hills of mighty presence,—  
Although its waves should troubled roar,  
Though fearful at its swell and effervescence,  
Tremble and quail the mountains hoar.

There is a River pure, whose streams soft swelling  
With gladness fill the City of our God,—  
The Holy Place, within the tents of dwelling  
Of the Most High, in light adored.

His voice He raised; earth melted at its thunder;  
The Lord of Hosts with us resides;  
The God of Jacob is our High Tower, under  
Whose covering my soul abides.

Come; be our Lord Jehovah's work beholding,—  
What desolation on the earth  
He makes; yet bids He wars to cease, enfolding  
The earth with joy, since Peace hath birth.

He breaks the bow, and casts the spear in sunder;  
The chariots, in His fire abroad  
He burns: in reverential awe and wonder  
Be still, and know that I am God.

Exalted will I be in every nation;  
Upon the earth I 'll be made high.  
The Lord of Hosts is with us—sure salvation;  
E'en Jacob's God, to whom we fly.



A PARABLE <sup>1</sup>

**H**EAR this, all ye peoples, hear!  
All who dwell on earth, give ear!  
Low and high, and rich and poor,  
Wisdom shall my mouth assure;—  
    And my heart's meditation  
How to understand shall be;  
Parable shall wait on me;  
On the harp I 'll open wide  
Word of mine that doth abide  
    Where Darkness holds her station.

Wherefore should I fearful stand  
In the days when Ill 's at hand;  
When dark Sin upon my heels  
Round and round about me wheels?—  
    They who on wealth are standing  
Boast themselves of riches vast—  
None of them, indeed, at last  
Can redeem his brother lost,  
Nor to God give back the cost  
    His ransom is demanding.

<sup>1</sup> For the title of this song, as well as for those of a few that follow, the author acknowledges his indebtedness to suggestions derived from Prof. Richard G. Moulton's work, *The Literary Study of the Bible*.

(For the price upon their soul  
 Unto figures high doth roll  
 And must ever be passed by)  
 That, indeed, he should not die,  
     Nor downward sight be casting:—  
 For the wise he sees Death call,  
 Fool and brute together fall—  
 They their wealth another race  
 Give; the inward thought they trace  
     Is that, forever lasting,

Shall their houses ages view,  
 That their dwelling-places too  
 Generations safe shall stand;  
 Their own names they give their land.  
     But man is not found staying  
 In the path of honor high;  
 He is like the beasts that die—  
 This, their way, is foolishness,  
 Yet, who after them shall press  
     Approve the words they 're saying.

As a flock for Sheol, they  
 Are appointed; on their way  
 Their dread shepherd, Death, is found;  
 O'er them will the just be crowned  
     Their rulers, in the morning—  
 And their beauty in its bloom  
 Sheol truly shall consume,  
 That for it no house may be;  
 But my soul will God set free,  
     'Gainst power of Sheol warning.

He 'll receive me—not afraid  
Do thou be, when rich one 's made,  
When upon his house shall rise  
Fame; he takes naught when he dies,—  
    For, wealth with him descending,  
Though he blessed his soul, though praise  
Comes to one for selfish ways,  
He 'll his fathers meet in night—  
Honored, lacking mental sight,  
    Like beast, to death man 's tending.

## PENITENCE

O GOD, have mercy upon me  
According to Thy love so kind;  
According to Thy mercies free,  
In multitude beyond our mind.

In tenderness blot from Thy view  
Each one of my transgressions sore;  
From mine iniquity, all through  
Wash me; o'er my sin cleansing pour.

For all my guilt is known by me;  
My sin reveals itself in might;  
'Gainst Thee I 've sinned, 'gainst only Thee,  
And done this evil in Thy sight:

That Thou when speaking, justified  
May'st be; and when Thou judgest, clear—  
Lo, in iniquity, inside  
My mother's womb did I appear.

In sin by her conceived was I—  
Behold Thou in each inward part  
Desirest truth, and by-and-by  
Thou 'lt make me wise deep in my heart.

Purge me with hyssop; I 'll be clean:  
Wash me; I 'll whiter be than snow:  
Thrill me with gladness, joy serene,  
So that the bones by Thee laid low

May yet rejoice. Ah! hide Thy face  
From all my sin; I have no pleas;  
Enfold me in Thy wondrous grace,  
And blot out mine iniquities.

O God, create in me a heart  
All clean; a spirit steadfast make;  
Me from Thy presence do not part,  
Nor from me Thy blest Spirit take.

The joy of Thy salvation old  
Do Thou unto my breast restore;  
With a free spirit me uphold;  
Thy ways I 'll teach transgressors sore:

And sinners shall return to Thee—  
Me ransom from blood-guiltiness,  
O God, Thou God who savest me;  
And loudly singing, Thee I 'll bless.

My tongue Thy righteousness shall sing;  
O Lord, my lips now open wide,—  
And near and far my mouth shall fling  
Thy praise, while in Thy love I hide.

For Thy delight, in sacrifice  
Is not: else would I give it Thee;  
Burnt offering, before Thine eyes  
A pleasant sight can never be.

The sacrifices of the Lord  
A truly broken spirit are;  
A broken, contrite heart, O God,  
Thou 'lt not despise, though strayed afar.

Do good in Thy good pleasure now  
To Zion, of the favored race;  
Jerusalem's fair walls endow  
With strength, and rear them in their place.

Then shalt Thou take supreme delight  
In sacrifices borne to Thee,—  
The sacrifices, glad and bright,  
Of righteousness, from sin set free.

Burnt offering shall thrill Thine heart,  
Also the whole burnt offering;  
Then, bullocks it shall be their part  
Unto Thine altar, Lord, to bring.

## THE KING'S PROTECTOR

O GOD, now hearken to my cry;  
Attend unto my prayer.  
From earth's far ends to Thee will I  
Call, when my heart hath care.  
Unto the Rock that is more high  
Than I—oh, lead me there.

To Thee, my Refuge, my heart clings,—  
Strong Tower from the foe,—  
My way into Thy Tent me brings,  
Whence I will never go—  
The blessed covert of Thy wings  
My refuge shall I know.

Thou God hast heard me vows proclaim;  
Thou hast bestowed on me  
Their heritage who fear Thy name—  
The King long-lived shall be;  
His years, prolonged by Thee, shall fame  
Of generations see.

Before God he shall e'er abide—  
Oh, loving-kindness warm

And truth to save him, Lord, provide:—  
Thee will I praise in calm and storm;  
Daily shalt Thou be magnified,—  
So I 'll my vows perform.



## CALL TO PRAISE

**M**AY God to us His mercy show,  
And bless us with His grace;  
Upon us cause His face to glow,—  
His benediction face.

That on the earth Thy way be known,—  
Thy saving health around  
Among the nations all be shown,  
And in its might abound.

O let the peoples praise Thee, God,  
Let all the peoples praise;  
O let the nations far abroad  
Glad songs in gladness raise.

The peoples Thou wilt judge in right,  
And all earth's nations lead—  
O let the peoples with their might  
Praise Thee, our God, indeed.

Let all the peoples praise Thee now—  
Earth hath her increase borne:  
God, our own God, shall us endow  
With blessings bright as morn.

God truly us shall richly bless,  
And earth from far and near  
Shall bow before His righteousness  
In reverential fear.

THE PRAISES OF THE KING

THY judgments, God, O give the King,  
And to his son Thy righteousness.  
All righteous judgment shall he bring  
The people, and Thy poor he 'll bless  
With judgment strong.  
The mountains to the people peace  
Shall bring; with righteousness be piled  
The hills; in justice he 'll release  
The poor, and save each needy child,  
Though suff'ring long.

The tyrant he 'll to atoms break—  
They 'll fear Thee while endures the sun;  
Yea, while the moon doth circuits make,  
While generations onward run,  
And onward still;  
Like rain on new-mown grass he 'll fall,  
As showers that on the earth outpour;  
And in his days, like palm-tree tall  
The righteous shall grow more and more;—  
And to the fill

Shall peace, Jehovah's peace, be found  
Until no more the moon shall rise;

He 'll rule the mighty world around:  
Before him the horizon flies  
Of sea and shore—  
The river and the ends of earth  
Shall be the limits of his rule;  
The dwellers in the desert's dearth  
Shall bow before his royal stool,  
And him adore.

His enemies shall lick the dust;  
The kings of Tarshish and the king  
Of every isle shall to the just  
Their presents in profusion bring,  
And favor sue;  
The kings of Sheba, Seba's crown,  
Shall offer gifts; before him all  
The kings of earth shall bow them down;  
All nations at his feet shall fall,  
With service true.

For he shall save the needy soul,  
When from his throne he hears his cry;  
The poor, on whom life's burdens roll,  
With none to lift them where they lie,  
No helping hand:  
The poor and needy pities he;  
The needy souls who suffer woe  
He'll place in strong security;  
Nor tyranny nor force shall know  
His happy band.

Dear shall their blood be in his sight;  
And they shall live; and he shall hold

As gift, that only is his right,  
The wealth of Sheba's sparkling gold:  
And evermore  
Men shall for him unite in prayer;  
Him shall they bless the whole day long;  
Of corn they shall procure a share  
Upon the mountain-summits strong,—  
A bounteous store:

Its fruit like Lebanon shall shake:  
They whom the city walls immure,  
Like grass, quick, springing growth shall make:  
His peace forever shall endure,  
And honored dwell  
Long as the ever-shining sun:  
And men in him shall be all blest;  
All nations as their course they run,  
In his true name obtaining rest,  
His joy shall tell.

Oh! blessedness, oh! blessedness  
Be his, Jehovah's, God, Most High,—  
The God whom Israel doth bless,  
With whose great deeds no man can vie,—  
Our God and Friend.  
Blest ever be His glorious name;  
His praise from all the earth be won—  
Amen; and yet again the same.  
The prayers of David, Jesse's son,  
Are at an end.

PRAYER FOR THE SHINING OF GOD'S  
FACE

**G**IVE ear, O Israel's Shepherd, kindly leading  
The tribe of Joseph, flock of Thine;  
Dweller between the Cherubim, proceeding  
From Thee, let light abundant shine,  
For Ephraim and Benjamin before Thy sight,  
And for Manasseh, too, stir up Thy might.

Turn us again, O God ! be Thy Face shining,  
And safety shall be ours from Thee.  
Jehovah, God of mighty hosts, we 're pining—  
How long, against Thy people's plea,  
Against their prayer, shall rise the smoking of Thy  
wrath,  
Far stirring desolation in their path ?

Them hast Thou fed with bread of tears; them  
given  
Tears in great multitudes to quaff;  
With strife, us from our neighbors Thou hast riven;  
Among themselves our foemen laugh—  
Restore us now again, O God of myriad powers,  
And cause Thy face to shine, and safety shall be  
ours.

A Vine from Egypt's land hast Thou been bearing;  
The natives that within the ground  
Did plant it Thou did'st drive afar, preparing  
Room where it might entwine around.  
It took deep root, and filled the surface of the land;  
The mountains with its shadow-covering were  
spanned.

The boughs thereof God's cedars were resembling—  
She sent her branches to the sea;  
Her little shoots within the breeze were trembling  
E'en where the River runneth free.  
Why hast Thou broken down her fences, so that  
they  
All pluck her, as they pass, each one, along the  
way?

The forest-boar doth ravage it, so greedy;  
The wild beasts feed on it, so bold:  
Turn, turn again, O God of Hosts, we 're needy;  
Look down from heaven, this Vine behold,  
And visit it, Stock planted by Thy hand, time  
long,—  
The Branch that for Thyself Thou madest strong.

Now 't is cut down; with fire indeed 't is burning;  
They perish, stricken by Thy face;  
Let Thy right hand upon the man be turning,—  
The man who holds Thy right hand's place;—  
Upon the son of man, by Thee with might arrayed,  
Whom for Thyself, strong for all conflict Thou  
hast made.

So shall we not from Thee be backward straying.

Awake us; on Thy name we 'll call—

Jehovah, God of Hosts, Thy love displaying,

Turn us again, lift when we fall;

Upon our souls now cause Thy countenance to  
shine,

And safety shall be ours,—gift of Thy grace divine.



## THE JOYS OF GOD'S HOUSE

**O** LORD of Hosts, how passing fair  
Thy Tabernacles be!  
How longs my soul to breathe their air,  
How faints their courts to see!  
My heart and flesh cry out in prayer,  
O Living God for Thee.

Yea, hath the sparrow found a home,  
The swallow a safe nest,  
Whence she will never want to roam,  
Where she may lay to rest  
Her young ones,—'neath Thy sacred dome,  
Upon Thine altars blest.

O Lord of Hosts, my God, my King,  
How blest are they that dwell  
Within Thy House ! they still will sing  
Thy benedictions well.

Blest is the man whose strength is found  
In Thee, and in whose heart  
The ways of holiness abound ;  
Who makes a well to start  
Within the vale of Baca's ground,—  
The pools with showers dart.

From strength to strength they onward pace;  
In Zion, one and all  
Shall enter in before God's face—  
O Lord God, in whose presence fall  
The hosts of heaven in their place,  
Attend unto my call.

O Jacob's God, give ear to me,  
Behold, O God, our Shield;  
The face of Thine anointed see,—  
To him Thy glances yield.

Better a day Thy courts within  
Than thousand days elsewhere;  
To bide beneath the tents of sin  
Is not my choice; my prayer  
Is rather, far from earthly din,  
For Thine House-doors to care.

The Lord God is a Sun and Shield;  
He 'll glory give and grace :  
The upright ne'er in vain appealed  
For good before His face:  
Those, Lord of Hosts, Thy love hath sealed  
Who trust in Thee shall place.

## LIFE AS A FLEETING DAY

**J**EHOVAH, Thou hast been our Habitation  
In all earth's generations long;  
Before the mountains rose into their station,  
Or ever Thou had'st from the throng

Of atoms formed the earth, the world upraising,—  
Even from everlasting Thou  
To everlasting art our God, whom praising,  
Before Thee shall creation bow.

Thou turnest man to dust, with cry: "Returning  
Be ye, the children of mankind."  
A thousand years as yesterday discerning  
Art Thou, and they are left behind,—

Behind, like watch that one at night is keeping,  
Thou bearest them like swelling stream;  
In their condition they are like the sleeping,—  
As those who wrapt in slumber dream.

At morning they are like the grass upgrowing—  
'T is flourishing and growing strong  
At noontide's hour; at eventide man's mowing  
Has laid it dry the earth along.

For in Thine anger we 're consumed; we 're fretting  
 At Thy deep wrath in trouble sore ;  
 Before Thee our iniquities Thou 'rt setting,—  
 Our secret sins Thy sight before.

For in Thy wrath our days away are passing;  
 Of our short years, the end appears.  
 They 're but a sigh; the sum of their amassing  
 Is but threescore and ten brief years,

Or fourscore, maybe, through man's strength un-  
 shattered;  
 Yet is their pride but toil and pain:  
 For soon 't is gone, and we in flight are scattered,—  
 In face of death men strive in vain.

Who knows Thine anger's power; Thy wrath, ac-  
 cording  
 Unto the fear that 's due Thy name ?  
 So let us turn to count our days, affording,  
 Time, Wisdom's heart that we may claim.

Return, O Lord, how long? For each good  
 servant  
 Let it repent Thee; to us give  
 For Thine own mercy, satisfaction fervent  
 At morning-tide, that we may live

Through all our days in joyfulness and gladness.  
 O gladden us with joy serene  
 For days wherein Thou leddest us in sadness,—  
 For years when evil we have seen.

Before Thy servants let Thy work be glowing,—  
Thy glory on their children shine;  
The beauty of the Lord be Thou bestowing  
On us,—the beauty all divine.

The work that with our hands we 've been per-  
forming  
Do Thou establish on us now;—  
The work wherein our hearts are ever warming,—  
This work of Thine,—establish Thou.

## THE LORD'S PAVILION

**H**E who within the secret place is hiding,  
Of God, the Lord Most High,  
Beneath th' Almighty's shade shall be abiding,—  
His shelter ever nigh.

My Refuge and my Fortress I 'll be calling  
My Lord, the God I trust ;  
Into the snare He 'll thee preserve from falling—  
God, ever kind and just.

And from the noisome pestilence thee keeping,  
He with His pinions thee  
Shall cover; 'neath His wings safe sleeping,  
Blest shall thy refuge be.

His truth 's a shield and buckler: when there lieth  
Night's terrors round thy head,  
Thou 'lt have no fear, and neither when there flieth  
The daytime's arrow dread.

Plague known to darkness shall not terrify thee,  
Nor fright shall thee attend  
For noontide's fell destruction drawing nigh thee,  
Its wasting scourge to spend.

A thousand souls shall at thy side be falling,  
And close at thy right hand  
Ten thousand more shall low be laid; but calling  
On God, thou safe shalt stand.

With thine eyes only shalt thou be beholding,—  
Their dark rewarding see  
Who wicked are: for Thou, Lord, me art folding,  
My refuge sure, to be.

The Most High thou hast made thy habitation;  
No ill shall thee befall,  
Nor any plague near thy tent take its station,  
And thee with fear appal.

For thee He 'll bid His angel hosts be caring,  
To keep thee all thy ways;  
Thee, upward in their hands will they be bearing,  
Thy feet from stone-wounds raise.

On lion and on adder thou 'lt be treading,  
The lion's cub also ;  
And serpent thou in nowise longer dreading,  
Thy feet shall trample low.

Deliverance I 'll be on him bestowing,  
Since he so loveth Me.  
He, therefore, since My name he hath been knowing,  
Exalted high shall be.

Upon Me he shall day by day be calling,  
And I will answer him ;  
When Trouble's night upon his heart is falling,  
I 'll light its darkness dim.

Him I 'll deliver; honor bringing nigh him,  
On him will I bestow ;  
With length of days I 'll surely satisfy him;  
Him My salvation show.



## THE LORD'S MAJESTY

**J**EHOVAH reigns; with majesty is He arrayed;  
Jehovah is apparelled fair and strong;  
With strength He hath Him girded round; all  
firmly laid  
Are the foundations that to earth belong.

No wind of universe the world can shake apart—  
Established firmly is Thy throne of old :  
Thou, truly, from the everlasting ages art ;  
Thy power through all the ages men behold.

The stormy floods have lifted up themselves, O  
Lord,  
The floods their voice have lifted very high,  
The floods the deep sound of their roaring send  
abroad,  
Their mighty tumult rises to the sky.

Above the voices of the many waters loud,—  
The proud, resistless breakers of the sea,—  
Jehovah, far on high, with might is sure endowed:  
The might that never flags nor fails hath He.

Sure, sure, beyond a doubt Thy testimonies live  
As strong to-day as in the days of yore:  
To holiness, our lives, Jehovah, make us give;  
It well becomes Thine House forevermore.

## JEHOVAH'S WORTHINESS OF PRAISE

**O**H, come! oh, come! let us break forth in  
singing,  
In singing to the Lord;  
A joyful, joyful noise let us be ringing  
Far, far the world abroad,—

To Him, our Rock, the Rock of our salvation.  
Before His presence now  
Oh let us come with thankful celebration,  
Before Him humbly bow.

Let us a joyful noise to Him be raising,  
With psalm's pure melody;  
For great, great is our God, the Lord we 're prais-  
ing,  
Above all gods is He.

Great King! Great King! in his sure hand He's  
shielding  
Earth's deepest places all;  
The mountain heights are His,—Him homage  
yielding,  
Their Maker, Him they call.

The sea, the sea is His; 't is He who made it;  
 And with His gracious hands  
 He forméd the dry land, and so arrayed it  
 That fair and strong it stands.

Oh come! oh come! in worship pure and lowly  
 Let us before Him bend;  
 Low kneeling to the Lord, our Maker holy,—  
 Our Maker and our Friend.

For He 's our God; to Him are we belonging;  
 Yea, we His people are  
 Sheep of His hand, the flock His pasture thronging  
 From folds both near and far.

To-day, oh that ye 'd hear His voice of pardon,—  
 His voice that fain would bless!  
 Your heart, as at Meribah, do not harden,—  
 As in the wilderness

In Massah's day, when, tried, your fathers straying  
 All faithless, tempted Me,  
 Brought Me to proof, My precepts disobeying,  
 And Mine own work did see.

Long, long, for forty years this generation  
 Did grieve Me very sore;  
 I said: " It is a people weak; a nation  
 Erring to their hearts' core.

“They have not known My ways.” So was I  
swearing,  
By mighty wrath possessed,  
That they the Promised Land should not be sharing,  
Nor come into My rest.

## JEHOVAH'S EXALTATION

**J**EHOVAH reigneth; be the earth rejoicing;  
Supremely glad  
Let all the isles their jubilation be voicing,  
Nor more be sad.

Around about Him doth the darkness lower,  
And clouds, thick strown:  
On righteousness and judgment rests in power  
His glorious throne.

A fire, devouring, flieth on before Him,  
And knows no bound,  
Until it burneth (though they loud implore Him)  
His foes around.

His lightnings, in the darkened heav'ns assembled,  
The world did light:  
The earth in fearfulness bowed down and trembled  
Before the sight.

The hills, like wax, were melted at the presence  
Of Him, the Lord;—  
Before Him, who of power is the quintessence,  
The earth abroad.

The heavens, of His own righteousness the story  
In might declare:  
And all the peoples have beheld His glory,  
Shed everywhere.

Ashamed be all who images are serving,  
Engraven, grim;—  
That boast themselves of idols, from Jehovah  
swerving:  
Ye gods, serve Him.

Heard Zion, and was glad, and Judah's daughters  
In joy did share,  
For all Thy judgments, Lord, which Thou hast  
taught us  
In Thy strong care.

For Thou, Jehovah, art most high uplifted  
The earth above;  
Above all gods with glory Thou art gifted,  
Thou God of love.

O ye that love the Lord, be evil hating:  
From wicked hands  
He saves the souls of those, His pure ones, waiting  
On His commands.

Light for the righteous, sown in fields of sadness,  
Their gloom doth part;  
And maketh He to bloom with flowers of gladness  
The upright heart.

Ye righteous, from Jehovah ever living  
Joy freely claim;  
Praise ye, and magnify with high thanksgiving  
His holy name.

## JEHOVAH'S SALVATION

UNTO Jehovah sing  
A song before unknown;  
For many a wondrous thing  
Hath He wrought for His own.

His right hand and His arm  
Of perfect holiness  
Have rescued them from harm,  
And sin's enslaving stress.

The Lord hath made men see  
His true and saving might;  
His righteousness hath He  
Shown in the nations' sight.

In memory doth He hold  
His mercy; faithfulness  
That Israel did enfold,  
And all her house did bless.

Earth's distant ends have all  
Our God's salvation seen;  
Upon Jehovah call,  
All earth in joyful pæan.



Break forth and sing for joy;  
Yea, glorious praises sing;  
Praise for the Lord employ  
With harp of sweetest string,—

With harp, and with the voice  
Of truest melody;  
With trumpet clear, rejoice;  
With cornet, tuneful be,—

Before the King, the Lord,  
Oh lift a joyful song;  
Let ocean roar abroad,  
And those that in it throng—

The world, and they who dwell  
Upon its teeming lands;  
Let all the floods joy tell  
With clapping of their hands.

Now let the mountains sing  
In joyous harmony;  
Before Jehovah bring  
Praise that shall welcome be:

For He is coming,—He  
To judge the earth at length,—  
The Lord of purity,  
And never-failing strength.

The world, in righteousness,  
    Judged by the Lord shall be;  
And He will surely bless  
    The race with equity.

## THE REIGNING LORD

**J**EHOVAH reigneth over all;  
Let trembling on the people fall,  
While they upon His mercy call.

Between the cherubim dwells He;  
Be movéd earth, in reverence be  
Adoring God's supremacy.

The Lord in Zion's hill is great;  
Upon Him shall the peoples wait;  
High o'er them all He 's situate.

Thy terrible, Thy mighty name  
Let them in glorious praise proclaim;  
He 's holy,—evermore the same.

The strength that dwelleth with the King  
Doth judgment love, unfaltering;  
To sturdy roots Thou makest cling

The plant of fairest equity;  
Thou executest judgment free;  
Thy righteousness shall Jacob see.

The Lord our God exalt ye high;  
In worship at His footstool vie;  
His holiness shall stand for aye.

Among His priests, on holy ground  
Moses and Aaron, too, are found;  
And with them who His praises sound

Is Samuel: God's grace they crave;  
Upon His name, all strong to save,  
They called, and He an answer gave.

Within the cloudy pillar, lo!  
His accents strong He made them know;—  
His favor unto them did show.

They kept the testimonies sure  
He gave to them; His statutes pure  
By them, unbroken, did endure.

O Lord, our God, to whom we bow,  
Them with an answer surely Thou  
Didst, from Thy gracious heart, endow.

Thou wast a God who didst bestow  
Forgiveness that they all might know,  
Who did to Thee for pardon go;—

Though, of their doings, Thou did'st take  
Vengeance, e'en for Thy just name's sake,  
Since they Thy pure commands did break.

The Lord our God exalt ye still,  
And worship at His Holy Hill;  
For He, our God, can ne'er do ill.

## A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

UNTO Jehovah sing with joy,  
All ye far-stretching lands;  
Your hearts in gladness employ  
While doing His commands.

Come to His presence ever blest  
With songs in sweet accord;  
In this supreme assurance rest:—  
Jehovah—He is God.

'T is He, 't is He who hath us made;  
To Him do we belong:  
We are His own; we 're not afraid  
'Neath His protection strong.

We are His people; we the sheep  
Within His pasture fair:  
Safe sheltered, He the souls doth keep  
Who trust His tender care.

Into His gates make entrance now,—  
Thank-off'rings in each hand;  
Within His courts all lowly bow;  
In praise before Him stand.

To Him, to Him your thanks present,  
And ever bless His name  
Whose love is thine o'ershadowing tent,  
Forevermore the same.

For good Jehovah is; all time  
His mercy doth endure;  
His faithfulness in every clime,  
For every race, is sure.

## THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD

O SOUL of mine, Jehovah bless;  
And all that is in me  
His name of perfect righteousness  
Still ever blessing be;  
Jehovah's grace, my soul, confess,—  
His benefits so free:

Who doth forgive thine every sin;  
Thine every sickness heal;  
Who, thee redeemed, thy heart within,  
Will never let thee feel  
The pit's dark power, who thee doth win  
From woe to perfect weal;—

Who thee with loving-kindness long,  
And mercies tender, true,  
Doth crown, and makes thy life a song;  
Who doth thy years endue  
With good; so that like eagle strong  
Thou dost thy youth renew.

Jehovah worketh righteousness,  
And judgments, too, for those  
Whom man unjustly shall oppress—  
His ways did He disclose  
To Moses; Israel in distress,  
He guided 'gainst her foes.

The Lord's compassion is so great;  
Of grace He hath full store;  
His anger through long time doth wait;  
His mercy's cup runs o'er—  
He 'll chide not ever; soon or late,  
His wrath will be no more.

He hath not dealt to us the meed  
That all our sins require;  
Nor hath rewarded us, indeed,  
With penalty entire  
For our iniquities, but freed  
Us from chastisement dire.

As heav'n above the earth is high,  
So is His mercy free  
Toward those who draw in reverence nigh  
His throne of purity—  
Far as the east from western sky  
He makes our sins to be.

Like as a father pities, here,  
His children, God e'en so  
Will pity them who Him shall fear—  
For He our frame doth know;  
He minds that we are dust, yet dear  
To Him is man below.

For man, indeed, his days are grass;  
A flower of the field  
He flourisheth. The wind doth pass



O'er it, and naught can shield  
It from swift death; its place, alas!  
No more shall be revealed.

But ages on, from year to year  
The mercy of the Lord  
Will rest on them who Him shall fear;  
His righteousness is stored  
For children's children, far and near;  
It is the blest reward

Of such as keep His covenant,  
And mind His words to keep,—  
That He to them will surely grant.  
His throne Jehovah deep  
And strong within the heav'ns doth plant;  
His realm hath world-wide sweep.

O bless the Lord, His angels all:  
Ye strong, and full of might,  
On whom, attent, His Word doth fall;  
Ye, ever in his sight—  
Ye hosts of His, in blessing call  
Upon the Lord of Light;—

His servants all, below, on high,  
Whose will He doth control—  
All works of His, in earth and sky,  
Where farthest planets roll,—  
Yea, farther than our thoughts can fly:—  
Oh bless the Lord, my soul.

## A SONG OF THE REDEEMED

O H give thanks unto the Lord: for He is good:  
His mercy doth endure forevermore.  
Let God's redeemed say so, who safe have stood,—  
Whom saved He from their adversary sore,  
And from the lands did bring them where He  
would—  
From east, west, north, and ocean's pathway o'er.

They roamed a lone way in the wilderness;  
They found no city where they might abide—  
Hungry were they and thirsty; in sharp stress  
Their soul within them fainted. Then they cried  
To God in their affliction, them to bless;  
And He from pain to healing them did guide.

He led them also by a pathway straight,  
That they might find a city of abode;—  
O would that men, e'en for His goodness great,  
Would praise the Lord,—for works that He hath  
showed  
All wonderful to them that on Him wait,—  
That He upon mankind hath free bestowed.

For He the longing soul doth satisfy;  
The hungry soul with good things doth He fill.

Those who beneath the veil of darkness lie,  
Those who are covered by Death's shadow chill,—  
Because against God's words they raised a cry,  
Rebellious, seeking not to do His will,—

Because the plan of God Most High they held.  
In cool contempt: then He their heart brought  
down  
With toil; they helpless fell who had rebelled:  
Then, crying from the waves that them would  
drown,  
God saved them, led them out, for them expelled  
The dark death-shade that on their way did  
frown.

Their lands, also, He broke asunder far—  
O would that men, e'en for His pure, good  
ways,  
Would praise the Lord,—for works that wondrous  
are,  
Toward children of mankind: Him let men  
praise!  
For He the gates of brass hath rent ajar,  
Cut iron bars that strong themselves did raise.

Fools for the way of their transgression are  
Afflicted, and by reason of their sin—  
All kinds of meat their soul repels afar;  
The gates of death they almost enter in—  
Unto the Lord they cry when pain their lives doth  
bar,  
And He, from woe, for them doth safety win.

His Word He sends, and them doth healing bring;  
 He them delivers from destruction fell—  
 O that men to the Lord would praises sing  
 For all his wonders nigh incredible,—  
 His goodness to mankind in everything;—  
 O that men would Jehovah's praises tell,

And sacrifices of thanksgiving free  
 Be theirs; His works with song let them declare.  
 They that go down in ships unto the sea,  
 They that for trade the mighty waters dare,  
 These see Jehovah's works, how great they be,—  
 His wonders that the vasty deep doth bear.

For He but speaks, and stormy winds arise,  
 Which lift in might each darkly gathering wave;—  
 They mount, they mount in grandeur to the skies,  
 Again they sink in deepest ocean-grave—  
 Because of pain, their soul all melting sighs,  
 Like drunkard reeling, help they wildly crave.

They stagger, e'en at their wits' end indeed—  
 Then, in their woe, unto the Lord they cry;  
 And them from their distresses doth He lead,  
 The stormy sea, now calm He makes to lie:  
 So, glad, because from tumult they are freed,  
 He brings them to the port for which they sigh.

O that men for His goodness great the Lord  
 Would praise, and for His works of wonder rare  
 Which freely to mankind He doth afford;

Let them exalt Him in th' assembly where  
The people come; to Him be praise outpoured,  
By them who 're seated in the elders' chair.

He turneth rivers to a wilderness  
And water-springs into a thirsty ground;—  
Rich land to land where salt is in excess,  
E'en for the wickedness that doth abound  
In them that dwell therein, whose guilt doth press,  
And call for punishment the region round.

The wilderness He makes a pool of rain,  
To water-springs He turneth the dry land;  
He makes the hungry in its bounds remain,  
That there a city of abode their hand  
May fashion, and sow fields of waving grain,  
And vineyards plant, and more and more expand,

That they may get them fruits that shall not cease;  
He blesseth them, so that they 're multiplied;  
He suff'reth not their cattle to decrease.  
Again, they 're minished, and bowed low abide,  
Because of pain, oppression, sorrow; peace  
Has vanished from its station at their side.

Contempt upon the princes doth He pour,  
And causeth them to wander in the waste  
Where no way can be found, its surface o'er.  
Yet He the needy one on high hath placed,  
So that affliction he may feel no more;  
With flock of little ones his home hath graced.

The upright shall behold it, and be glad;  
And all Iniquity her mouth shall close.  
Whoso is found with Wisdom's vesture clad  
Shall to these things give heed where'er he goes;  
The mercies of the Lord, that he has had,  
He 'll think upon,—e'en how his need God  
knows.

## THE IDEAL KING

**J**EHOVAH said unto my Lord, " Be sitting  
At My right hand;  
Until I make Thy foes Thy footstool fitting  
By My command."

The Lord the rod of Thy strength shall be sending  
From Zion blest:  
Rule Thou amongst Thy foes in power unending,  
Victor confessed.

Thy people in the day Thy power prevaieth  
Themselves present  
Freely: in beauty that no sinning paleth;  
With heart unrent

By strife, Thou hast from out the womb of morning  
The dew of youth.  
The Lord hath sworn; He 'll not repent; adorning  
Thy Church with truth.

Thou art, like to Melchizedek, forever  
A glorious Priest.  
The Lord beside Thee kings from might shall  
sever,—  
His wrath released.

He will be Judge among the nations, chilling  
    Their hearts with dread;  
The places with the dead shall He be filling;  
    E'en through the head

Lands, far and near He 'll strike, before Him  
    shrinking ;  
    Their strongholds rift;—  
Therefore shall He—from wayside streamlet  
    drinking—  
    The head uplift.



## HALLELUJAH SONG

WHEN forth from Egypt Israel went,  
When from a people of strange speech  
Away the house of Jacob bent  
Their footsteps, other fields to reach,—

Judah became His holy seat  
And His dominion Israel;  
The sea beheld and beat retreat,  
Yea, Jordan's waves that wildly swell.

The mountains skipped like rams around,  
The little hills like new-born sheep.  
O Sea, what ails thee; why art found  
Far fleeing, O thou raging Deep?

Jordan, what aileth thee, that thou  
Should'st from thy course take backward way?  
What ails ye, mountains, too, that now  
Like rams ye should be skipping gay?

What ails ye, little hills, that ye  
Like new-born sheep should sport around?—  
Earth, tremble, thou! for near to thee  
The Lord, the mighty Lord is found.

Tremble! for Jacob's God is near,  
Who turned the rock abiding long  
Into a pool of water clear,  
The flint into a fountain strong.

## JEHOVAH'S LOVING-KINDNESS

**I** LOVE the Lord, since He hath heard  
My voice, my supplication strong:  
Since He hath marked my every word,  
I 'll call on Him my whole life long.

The cords of death my heart did bind,  
And Sheol's pains took hold on me;  
Trouble and sorrow did I find,  
Nor from their grasp could set me free.

Then called I on Jehovah's name:  
"I pray Thee, save my soul, O Lord;"  
The Lord is gracious, aye the same,  
And righteous is His name adored.

For mercy, too, our God is known;  
The Lord the simple soul doth keep:  
I low was brought, and He alone  
Delivered me in trouble deep.

My soul, return unto thy rest;  
For bounteously the Lord with thee  
Hath dealt,—attentive to thy quest;  
His grace is boundless as the sea.

For Thou hast saved my soul from death;  
Mine eyes from tears; my feet made stand:  
Before the Lord while I have breath  
I 'll walk within the fair life-land.

I well believed when thus I spake:  
With great afflictions spent was I:  
And hasty speech my tongue did make:  
All men I said but live a lie.

To God what shall I offer up  
For all his benefits toward me ?  
I now will take salvation's cup,  
And calling on God's name I 'll be.

My vows unto the Lord of Light  
I 'll pay, where Israel worshippeth.  
How precious in Jehovah's sight  
The triumph of His saints in death!

O Lord, I am Thy servant true,—  
Thy servant, son of thine handmaid;  
Sundered hast Thou my chains in two—  
My loving thanks to Thee 'll be paid,

And on Jehovah's name I 'll call;  
I 'll pay my vows unto the Lord,  
Where, worshipping, His people fall,—  
His people gathered from abroad.

I 'll worship in Jehovah's courts;  
In thee, Jerusalem, I 'll raise  
My song, O fairest of resorts!—  
Unto the Lord, now give ye praise.

## SONG OF THE EXILE

**I**N my distress I raised a cry  
Unto the Lord; He answer gave.  
From lying lips my soul, God save,  
And from the tongue that plans to lie.

What shall be given unto thee?  
What shall be done to thee still more,  
Thou tongue, whose lies are planned before,  
That speakest e'er deceitfully?

Sharp arrows of the sons of might,  
With coals of juniper aglow.  
That I should bide in Meshech,—woe!—  
In Kedar's tent, prepared for fight!

My soul hath had for many a day  
To dwell with him that hateth peace.  
For peace was I; for strife's surcease:  
But when I speak, for war are they.

## THE HILLS OF GOD

**T**O God's fair hills I 'll lift mine eyes:  
From whence shall come mine aid?  
My help e'en from the Lord shall rise,  
Who heav'n and earth hath made.

Thy foot He never will permit  
In helplessness to fall:  
Thy Keeper thee will never quit,  
Nor list to slumber's call.

Lo, He that keepeth Israel  
Shall slumber not, nor sleep.  
Jehovah, God, forever well  
Thy waiting soul doth keep:—

The Lord 's thy shade on thy right hand—  
The sun thee shall not smite  
By day, and safely shalt thou stand  
Beneath the moon by night.

God, from all evil, thee shall win;  
He 'll cover thy soul o'er—  
Thy going out and coming in  
He 'll keep forevermore.

## THE PILGRIM SALUTING JERUSALEM

**H**OW glad was I when comrades said,  
Let us the blessed pathway tread  
Unto Jehovah's Temple fair!  
Within thy gates our weary feet  
Have stood, Jerusalem complete,—  
Jerusalem, of beauty rare!

A city thou that builded art  
Strong and compact in every part,  
Whereto the tribes their footsteps bend;—  
The tribes with whom the Lord doth dwell  
For witness unto Israel,—  
Who to Jehovah's Word attend.

They go their thankful songs to bring  
Unto their gracious Lord and King—  
For there are thrones for judgment placed,—  
Thrones that in David's House are found.  
Pray that God's peace may compass round  
Jerusalem, with beauty graced.

Prosperity shall be for them  
That love thee, blest Jerusalem—  
Within thy walls let peace abide;

Within thy palaces serene  
Prosperity be ever seen,  
Nor harm nor sorrow thee betide.

E'en for my brethren's sake, indeed,—  
E'en for mine own companions' need,  
The greeting that I now will speak  
Is: Peace in thee be richly stored  
For His fair House,—the Lord our God—  
Thy good I 'll diligently seek.



## THE EXILE'S PRAYER

**T**O Thee I raise mine eyes afar  
O Thou that dost the heav'ns command.  
Behold, as eyes of servants are  
Directed to their master's hand,

As eyes of maiden steadfast rest  
Upon the mistress she obeys,—  
So, on Jehovah ever blest  
Our eyes in patient longing gaze,

Till He upon us mercy show.  
Have mercy, mercy on us Lord:  
Contempt our soul doth overflow,  
From hand of enemies outpoured.

Our soul is filled exceedingly  
With scorning very fierce and loud  
Of those who at their ease still be;  
And with contempt of all the proud.

## THE EXILE'S MEDITATION

**H**AD not the Lord been on our side, unfailing,  
Let Israel now say;  
Had not the Lord been on our side, prevailing  
When men opposed our way,—

Then us, while yet alive, would they have swallowed,  
When blazed for us their wrath;  
Then had the waves to whelm us pressing, followed  
And overflowed our path.

Then had the stream—proud stream—our soul  
gone over.  
Jehovah God be blest,  
Who gave us not unto the hostile rover  
Who would our soul have pressed.

Our soul, like bird from fowler's snare is flying:  
The snare breaks; flight we take.  
Upon Jehovah's name we are relying,  
Who heav'n and earth did make.

## THE STRENGTH OF ZION

THEY who in God Jehovah trust  
Are even as Mount Zion strong,  
Which standeth through the ages long,  
Unmoved, nor crumbleth into dust.

E'en as around Jerusalem  
The hills in strength and beauty lie,  
So round His own the Lord Most High  
Remaineth—aye, to shelter them.

Sceptre of them that wicked be  
Shall rest not on the just one's lot;  
That they their righteous hands may not  
Put forth unto iniquity.

Do good, O Lord, do good to those  
That be good, and to them that are  
Upright in heart, and turning far  
From all who righteousness oppose.

But as for those who good repel  
In crooked ways,—these God shall lead  
With them of many a wicked deed.  
Peace, peace abide on Israel!

## SOWING AND REAPING

WHEN Zion's hard captivity  
Jehovah kindly turned again,  
We were like them that dreaming be,—  
Then was our mouth with laughter stored,  
Our tongue was full of songful strain.  
Then said they through the race abroad,

“The Lord great things for them hath done.”

He greatly blessed us; glad we are—  
Lord, turn again each captive one,  
As streams that in the southland flow.

They who while shedding tears afar  
Through all the fields and meadows sow,

In joy, at harvest-time shall reap;  
Though on his way he goes along,  
And while he bears the seed doth weep,  
Though now he worn and weary grieves,  
He 'll come again, with joyful song,  
The while he bringeth in his sheaves.

## SONG OF HOME

**E**XCEPT the house be builded by  
The Lord, its builders vainly toil:  
The city kept not 'neath God's eye,  
Though watched all night, will man despoil.

Vain 't is for you that you arise  
So early, and take rest so late;  
And eat the bread that labor buys:  
Sleep makes He on His loved ones wait.

Lo, children are a heritage  
That come, in favor, from the Lord;  
The fruit the womb of every age  
Shall bear, is His own blest reward.

As arrows in a strong man's hand,  
So, children sprung from youthful stem.  
With happiness the life is spanned  
Of him whose quiver 's full of them.

To them, indeed, shall come no shame,  
E'en when their foes for them shall wait,  
And they shall with them converse claim,—  
Their enemies within the gate.

## THE BLESSED HOME

**B**LEST truly are all they that fear  
The Lord, and walk within His ways.  
For what thy hands by toiling raise  
Thou 'lt eat for sustenance and cheer.

Thou shalt be happy, and with thee  
It shall be well: as for thy wife,—  
Like to a vine of fruitful life  
Within thy house she 'll ever be.

Thy children like rich plants shall grow,—  
Like olive-plants, thy table round—  
Behold, that blessed shall be found  
The man who fear of God doth know.

Thee, out of Zion God shall bless:  
And thou, through all life's many days  
Upon Jerusalem shall gaze,  
Beholding all its blessedness.

Yea, thou with thine own eyes shalt see  
The children of a later race,—  
Thy children's children through, God's grace.  
Peace, peace on Israel resting be!

## THE PENITENT EXILE

FROM out the depths to Thee, O Lord  
I 've cried; my voice, Jehovah, hear:  
Thine ears be now attentive toward  
My voice; Thy suppliant be Thou near.

If Thou man's sins, Lord, marking be,  
Who, then, Jehovah, who shall stand?  
But there 's forgiveness full with Thee,  
That Thou may'st righteous fear command.

I for Jehovah wait; doth wait  
My soul, and hope I in His Word—  
Looks early for the Lord and late  
My soul, with earnest longing stirred—

More, more than watchmen for the morn  
Look through the night with eager eyes;  
Yea, more than watchmen, till be torn  
Night's veil, and morning's sun doth rise.

Hope, hope ye in Jehovah blest,  
O ye His people, Israel!  
Unto the Lord make full request—  
His mercy is a springing well.

His mercy 's free; with Him is found  
Redemption, plenteous as the rain—  
For Israel cleansing shall abound  
From Him, for every sinful stain.



MEDITATION ON SIMPLICITY

**H**AUGHTY is not my heart, O Lord,  
Nor raised in loftiness mine eyes;  
Nor let I things of great emprise  
Work for my energies afford;

Nor do I let myself be wiled  
By things too high; I 've quieted  
My soul, and stillness round it shed  
Like mother with a weanéd child.

Peace on my soul dost Thou outpour;  
Like weanéd child, my soul 's with me.  
In God, O Israel, hoping be  
From this time forth, forevermore.

## ELEGY OF THE CAPTIVITY

WHERE Babylon's fair streams were flowing,  
There we sat down; yea, there we wept;—  
When we in mind to Zion going  
Thought of our home before us kept.

Upon the willows, river-shading,  
Our harps we hung, the banks along,  
For there our lords, our woe invading,  
Asked us their captives for a song:

And they who tore our hearts all tender  
Required that mirthful we should be;  
And cried: "Now we would have you render  
A song of Zion's melody."

The Lord's own song!—How can it yet be  
That we should sing it far from home?  
Jerusalem! if I forget thee  
While in captivity I roam,

Be my right hand her skill forgetting;  
And to one spot my tongue adhere  
If o'er all joy I be not setting  
Jerusalem, in radiance clear.

'Gainst Edom's children be recalling  
That day, Lord, of Jerusalem;  
When, " Rase it! " cried they; " now be falling  
Its basal stones; yea, scatter them."

Daughter of Babylon, for wasting,  
For fell destruction set aside,—  
Be happy he who thee is hasting  
To woe that for thy guilt shall bide,—

As thou ourselves one time wert serving;  
Be happy he that with hard shock  
Thy children takes, with strength unswerving,  
And dasheth them against the rock.

## THE AVENGING LORD

THE Lord who is my Rock be blest,  
Who trains my hands for war's behest,—  
My fingers for the fight.  
My Goodness and my Fortress He,  
My Tower high; He rescues me;  
He is my shield of might.  
In Him I trust for every hour;  
He makes my people feel my power,  
Submissive in my sight.

Lord, what is man that he should find  
Such knowledge of him in Thy mind!  
Or what the son of man  
That Thou should'st make account of him!  
Like vanity, he 's light and dim,—  
A shadow is his span.  
Thy heavens bow, O Lord; come down  
And simply touch each mountain's crown,—  
They 'll smoke beneath Thy ban.

Thy lightning from the sky cast forth,  
And scatter them from south and north;  
Shoot out Thine arrows swift—  
Destroy them; let Thy hand descend  
And save me; in wild waves defend;

And kindly me uplift  
From strangers' snares: their mouth is vain,  
Their right hand's way is never plain,  
But makes to falsehood drift.

A new song unto Thee I 'll sing;  
My psaltery for Thee I 'll bring,—  
My ten-stringed instrument.  
I 'll gladly utter praise to Thee.  
Who safety gives to kings? 'T is He;  
He David saves; and bent  
Shall be the sword that him would bruise.  
O save us, and strange foes confuse  
Whose mouth to sham is lent,—

Whose right hand is a false right hand.  
When all our sons throughout the land  
Shall be as young plants grown;  
When all our daughters, too, shall be  
As corner-stones, most fair to see,  
By palace ne'er outshone;  
When all our garners full, run o'er,  
Affording every kind of store  
That husbandmen can own;

When lambs by thousands shall be born,  
And tens of thousands shall adorn  
Our fields with snowy fleece;  
When all our oxen shall have strength  
To labor, though it be at length;

When breakings-in shall cease;  
When there be no outgoing feet,  
Nor mur'ring sounds in any street,  
For plaints shall yield to peace:—

Great happiness, indeed, hath place  
With people found in such a case;  
Their joys no more shall wane.  
Yea, happy are the people who  
Choose Him who 's ever just and true,  
Who blessing brings from bane.  
Happy are they who 've Him adored,  
Happy the race whose God 's the Lord  
Who evermore shall reign.

## CREATION'S PRAISE

**H**ALLELUJAH ! praise the Lord,—  
From the heav'ns His praises sing:  
Let His praises be outpoured;  
In the heights now let them ring.

Ye, His Angels, speak His praise:  
Praise Him, all His Hosts on high:  
Praise Him, Sun and Moon, upraise  
Praise to God who cannot die:

Praise Him, all ye Stars of Light,  
Heav'ns of heav'ns, His praises tell:  
And ye Streams, beyond our sight,  
Let them praise God's name right well:—

For He uttered His command,  
And they were created all  
He hath set them with His hand  
So they never-more shall fall.

He hath made a sure decree  
Which shall men forever keep—  
From the earth God praised be:  
Praise Him, Dragons in the deep;

Fire and Hail and Vapor, Snow;  
Stormy Wind that doth His word;  
Mountains and the Hills below,  
That with strength His hand doth gird;

Fruitful Trees, and Cedars too;  
Beasts and Cattle everywhere;  
Creeping Things, Fowl flying through  
And swiftly wafted in the air;

Kings and Peoples of the earth;  
Earthly Princes, Judges all;  
Youths and Maidens, full of mirth,  
Aged Men and Children small:—

Let them praise Jehovah's name,  
For His name alone is high;  
And His glory, e'er the same,  
Is above the earth and sky.

He hath lifted up the horn  
Of the people of His love;  
Praise hath God, Jehovah,—borne  
From His saints to Him above;—

E'en of Israel so dear,—  
People whom He loved right well,—  
People to Jehovah near:  
Praise the Lord, Immanuel.



## THE PRAISES OF THE SAINTS

PRAISE ye the Lord: unto Jehovah sing  
A glad new song;  
Among His saints now let His praises ring  
In rapture strong.

Let Israel in his Creator blest  
All joyful be:  
Let Zion's children in their King take rest  
In gladness free:

His name, let them in joyous dancing praise  
And magnify:  
With timbrel and with harp let them upraise  
His praises high.

For true enjoyment doth Jehovah take  
E'en in His own;  
The meek, fair with salvation will He make  
From His bright throne.

Joyful in glory, let the saints of earth  
Uplift their heads:  
Let them their songs upraise with hearty mirth  
Upon their beds.

Within their mouth let God's high praises be  
    With strength outpoured,  
And in their hand let them be wielding free  
    A two-edged sword:—

Upon the heathen nations to command  
    Vengeance all stern,  
And punishments on them who from God's hand  
    To evil turn;

To bind their kings with chains they cannot break,  
    Nor soon discard,  
And for their nobles suffering to make  
    With fetters hard;

On them to see that judgment just shall fall  
    In writing stored:—  
This honor have His holy people all—  
    Praise ye the Lord.

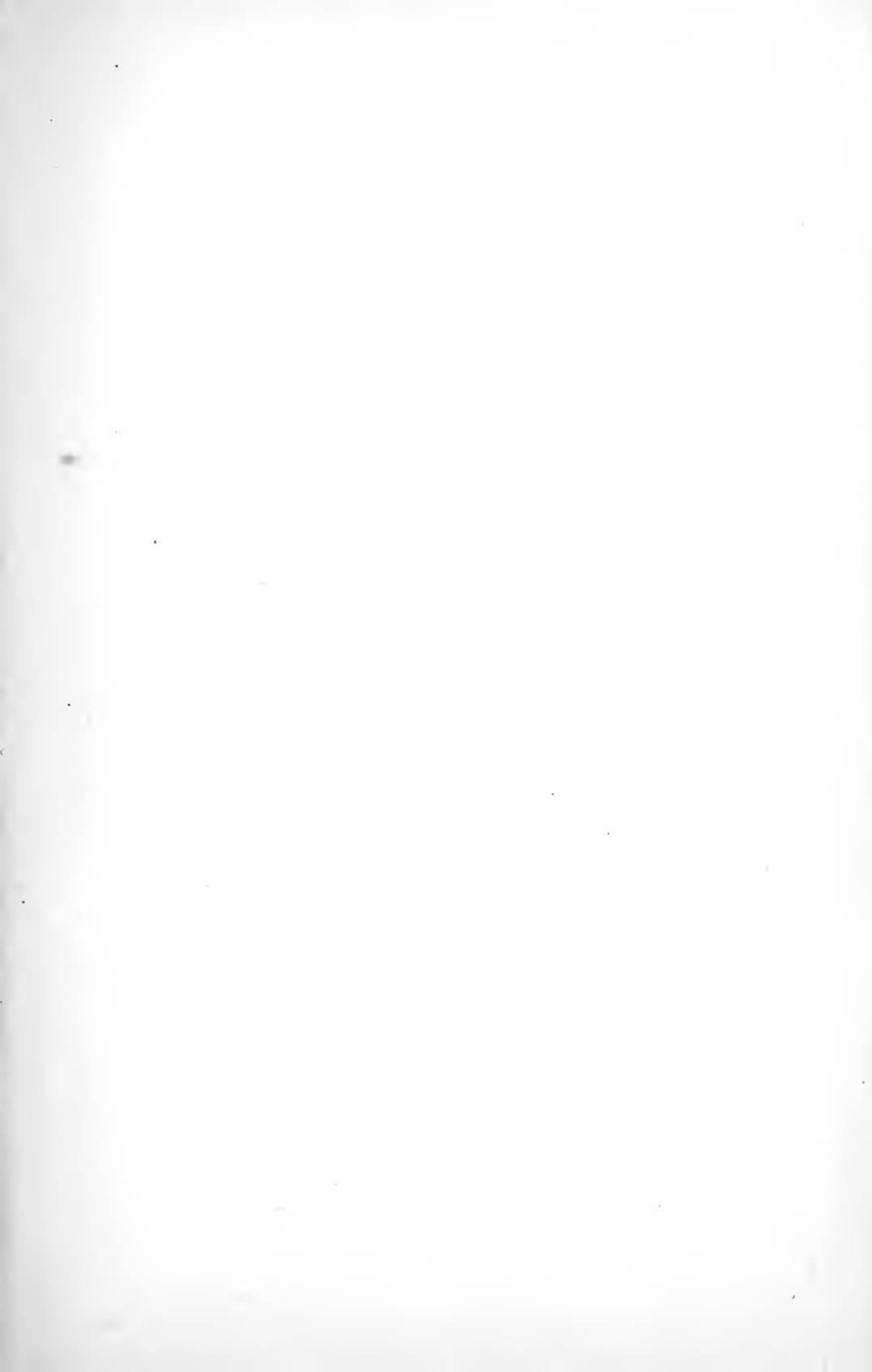
## FINALE

O BLESSED Lord, to whom the choir  
Of Angels bring their sweetest song;  
Whose Heart of Love can never tire  
Of loyal praise the ages long:—  
Accept these lays, from Thine own Word,—  
A never-failing Treasury brought:  
And through Thy grace, where'er they 're heard,  
Be Thy pure ways more purely sought.

May Thine own Singers of the Past  
Through these new songs new honors gain;  
Thy truth through them be held more fast;  
Thy changeless love appear more plain.  
Blend with their halting harmony  
Chords of the music all divine;  
Let them be sung with fervor free  
By hearts uplifted, Lord, to Thine.

Let Thy blest Spirit bring them near  
The souls by sin and care distressed;  
Their melody the faithless fear,  
The restless passion sing to rest:  
Their notes of deathless joy and praise  
Let Thy redeemed ones make their own,  
While they their glad thanksgiving raise  
To Thee who sittest on the throne.

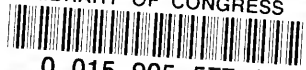




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